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Letters From the Dead Me.



👁 167 ✓ 13 ⭐ 19

Chapter 1 by AshleyLawson

Rain

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Gray clouds,
Fill the sky,
Drowning me,
In their wet lies.

There's no need for an umbrella,
The rain wants to play.
There's no escaping

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I'm coming really

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Because it's time to know the other side of you.

And so am I.

Drip. Drip.Drip.

Chapter 2 by Prateek Goyal



Smells funny in here.

It's must be raining outside,
lots of earthworms around.

Can't believe they buried me next to Mrs Lawson,
She still smells like those damn cats.

Well, at least the coffin is shiny,
Must have cost a fortune.

If only they spent this money on the doctor,
could have been cheaper than the funeral.

Chapter 3 by Kat Hy



Its okay,
I'm dead already,
Nothing I can really do now...
They visit me sometimes though,
They bring me flowers,
and food,
my favourite.
But I can't eat it.
Those wretched cats eat them instead.

Chapter 3 by Kat Hy (1 comment)

They are over me

I wish to shout for them
to stop

But have no muscle to move

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Some days it hurts
Others it doesn't.
On the less painful days
I like to listen to the birds.

They never come when it rains.
That plauguing wet.

Chapter 5 by Bia Pinto

I'm decaying
A long time has passed now
I really don't know
And I have no one to tell me how

What people are saying
I think I can listen
They're whispering "I miss you"
I wish I could be there
To tell I also miss them

Now here I am laying
Through springs and winters
My grave is deep
But our grief cuts deeper

Chapter 6 by AshleyLawson

I am used to the loneliness,
The pain.
Somedays, it's easier.
Because they don't come.



That should be enough.

Enough for now.

I used to believe that maybe if I did that,

I'd have known people to turn to me. But as they say, you can't find them.

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Not afraid of oblivion.
But people forget.
They always forget.
They never remember.

Chapter 7 by Aniya Robinson



I hear it now,
A legacy behind,
What do I wonder,
Is still to find,
Do they miss me,
I'm sure to know,
Should I've done it,
Why Oh
Why,

Chapter 8 by Madeline Of Elves



My body is rotten
Like an apple, to the core.
My heart is crumbled,
My nerves are limp strings,
So why must I still feel?

It hurts me.

Want to read the last words of the chapter?

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Who still comes

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Did you forget to log in?

Did you let the memory
Fade
Away.
Lost in time,
And space?

I miss you still.
Do you miss me?

It is quiet but for the patter of rain,
Always rain,
Always sorrow.

A new sound pierces my ear, it almost hurts, what is it, what is it-

A shovel.
Raking against dirt.
Scraping.
Next to me.

Not grave robbers, no, I do not have anything of value, they are not digging for me.
They are digging beside me.

Quiet sobbing of many hits my ears like a train-wreck.
I've heard that so many years ago,
At my own funeral of black umbrellas huddled together
Like dripping birds on a bare electric wire
Trying to keep each other safe.

A box, a coffin, a cage of spirit,
It thumps down beside me,

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Dirt.
Bury.
Dirt.
Cover.
Dirt.
Darkness.

I feel your soul, residing next to mine.

I missed you.

You did not forget me.

I love you.

We cannot speak, but we can just

Be.

Together.

the end

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